*Figure1.*

Caption:Singing and Light. Copyright 2011 Paul Freinkel. Used with permission.

Description: This photo-essay combines photography and poetry I wrote as a creative synthesis of the intuitive process. For the visually impaired, the text reads:

When you really get

down to it, light is

the artist’s only medium.

And there are three

kinds of light: projected

light, reflected light, and

inner light. Everything

has inner light, but one

must first learn to see.

Stillness is key, but

stillness and motion are

really the same.

I must be still to

perceive motion, and in

motion, I often find my

stillness.

How magical it is when

all is still, even when in

motion. Sometimes

when I realise this, this

stillness in motion, I

think to myself, “Why is

it that I don’t see it all

the time?”

But I know that I am learning to see.

And if I am lucky, my heart and eyes become one,

and I fall in love,

again and again.

And when I fall in love

I sing.

But most times

I must sing to fall in love.

Eventually we learn that in the beginning the Blessed Holy One is creating light. It is not light as any we know. Rather it is an inner light, by which those who merit can see from one end of the world to the other. G-d hides the light. Sows it like a seed. It gives birth to seeds and fruit, and sustains the world (*Zohar, Breishit* 1:3).

And then he also creates the sun, and moon, and stars: Outer light. This He gives to painters, artists and photographers – interior decorators of all descript.

But what of this inner light? This too he gives, but to a few, the Rembrands and Monets, who see; and love. And yes, he gives it too to singers. It is not by accident the Hebrew *chazzan*, one who sings, has *chazon* – vision – inner sight of inner light.

But to say one thus possess vision is to miss the point.

The sages of the Talmud (Hakdama to Perek Shira) said that when King David completed the book of psalms he became very proud. He said before the Holy One Blessed be He, “Is there any creature You have created that sings more songs and praises than I?”

At that moment a frog happened across his path, and it said to him, “David! Do not become proud, for I recite more songs and praises than you. And every song I say contains three thousand parables. And I am busy with a great deed – there is a certain creature by the edge of the sea whose sustenance is entirely from creatures living in the water, and when it is hungry, it takes me and eats me, so I fulfil that which says, “if your enemy is hungry, feed him, if thirsty, give him water to drink, for you shall reap coals of fire on his head and G-d shall reward you.”

Said the sages, “Do not read reward you (yishaleim lach),” rather read, “shall make him complete you (yashlimeihu lach).”

I sing, yet to say I sing alone is to miss the point.



















